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Livingston is the new College Ave.

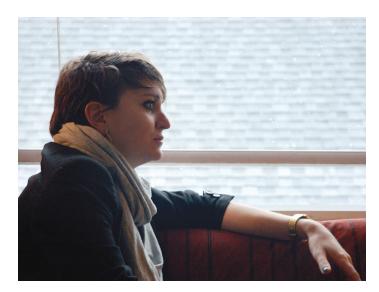
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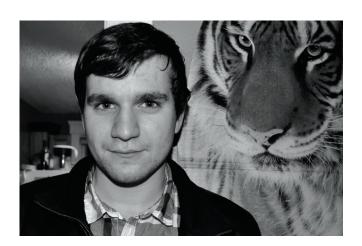


SAMANTHA MITCHELL has been writing for the Review for awhile now—it's hard to say exactly how long because she fits in so seamlessly it seems like she was born writing for us. That's not possible, of course, because she probably couldn't even write till she was around five, and she was born in Maryland, anyway. That means she knows more about things like cows and fields than we urban landfill kids do. Sam enjoys poetry, Shiraz, the films of Alain Resnais, and quite possibly all three at once. We at the Review steer her dictatorially away from her poetic leanings, and we've reaped the benefits. For this issue, Sam brings us even further into the cerebral with her contribution to our Dream Gazette, set in her mind's own drunk wedding. Contributed to Nocturnal Audio / Video Club, page 38



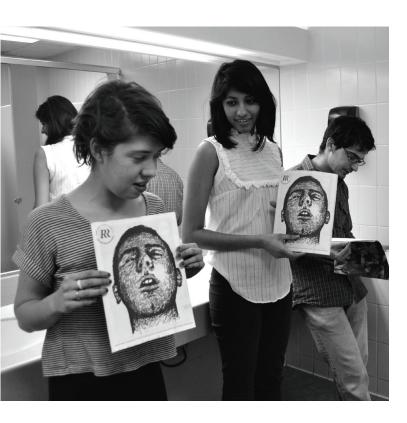
MAX ROSENBERG has probably seen the inside of more New Brunswick houses than most, thanks to his boss Jimmy John, Earl of Sandwich. His name is not Maxwell, nor Maximilian, nor Climax-- it's just Max. And as we all know, three letter first names are dignified and prestigious. He bears a rugged battle scar on his nose, which attracts flocks of women and geese to his vicinity. A recent inductee into the legal drinker's society, Max has developed an affinity for wine, which has only exacerbated his chronic napping problem. While he's not illustrating front pages and taking photos for the Review, Max is probably strumming his six-string (more like dick-thing) in his stately off-campus residence or looking at pictures of Modest Mouse on Last.fm.

Photos for Priceless Art, page 14



NICK DIPILLO likes to keep it real, generally speaking. This graphic designer might spend his nights playing guitar in his apartment, drinking Tecate in dimly lit rooms or chilling in a fly leather jacket. If you've noticed that the last three issues of the Review oozed quiet echoes of cool, it's because the pages were built with bricks of Nick's personality. In this issue, designing the Twitter article, Nick draws on his own affection for the form. Even the briefest visit to Nick's twitter displays his impalpable humor in sparse increments of time. At 2:30 am on January 12th, @ NikDipNik "watched a skunk eat a bagel. We're not that different, you and I," he pondered. What's not to love?

Design for Apartment Anxiety, page 6



ao Lin has published six books of poetry and fiction. I haven't read any of them. I'd like to think there's a reason for this, like I haven't been that into reading fiction lately, and I haven't been that into reading poetry ever. But really I think the reason is that I haven't read them. It's just one of those things I haven't done yet—like sex things with Pop Rocks or watching The Matrix.

But I have read some of Lin's poetry on the Internet, and I'm going to prove it to you by quoting it now. The first two lines of his poem "i'm going to touch you very hard" are: "I'm tired of not being/an out-of-control asshole." And although I didn't care enough to read more than those two lines, the poem stuck in my mind.

For me, and for a lot of people I know, this semester marks the beginning of the end. A little over two months from now, we'll graduate and be thrown out so fast it'll be like when you drink too quickly and you choke and your throat flap has to work overtime to keep the liquid from going into your lungs.

And so for now, the best we can be are out-of-control assholes, from embracing college student poverty to reading only the covers of books, to giving Aaron Marcus four whole pages in our magazine.

Read on, reader. And if you're graduating in May, don't be afraid to be an asshole, as long as you're nice to me. And also maybe try to find a job, cause who the fuck is Tao Lin anyway?

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APARTMENT ANXIETY

by Zac Schaffner illustration by Nick DiPillo

For almost every college student living in New Brunswick, housing is a problem. Whether it's a bad lottery number, an obnoxious roommate, or a lousy landlord, finding someone who is happy with his or her housing situation is a rare thing. Having lived in four apartments in the last three years, I hope that I can offer a few insights that will help you secure a great apartment for the next twelve months.

TALK TO THE CURRENT TENANTS WHEN THE LANDLORD ISN'T AROUND. Find out why they're moving, how long it takes them to get to class, if the heating works, if the landlord is a jerk, if the neighbors upstairs are cool, what they pay in utilities and if any of them have recently been mugged nearby.

DON'T LIVE ABOVE A BAR. The advantages of being able to say that you lived above a bar in college are quickly overshadowed by lack of sleep, and the development of a sudden intense hatred for karaoke, DJs and your fellow man.

HAVE A BLANK CHECK READY JUST IN CASE. Unfortunately, the difference between those who live on Delafield St. and those who commute from Somerset often comes down to who can get their security deposit to the landlord first. A blank check, while potentially dangerous, will give you a leg up on the competition.

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS. Joe Strummer knew what he was talking about. Look over your lease carefully, do your research and get everything in writing. Be sure to keep a copy of the lease for yourself.

LOOK AT AS MANY APARTMENTS. AS YOU

CAN. While it sucks when you're the one with people trampling through your apartment twice a week, having more than two housing options will indubitably make you feel better about the apartment you do end up in.

ESTABLISH A SPENDING CAP AND THEN LEAVE PARENTS OUT OF IT. Parents inevitably slow down the process and just generally take all the mystery, danger, and valuable life lessons out of apartment hunting.

DON'T LET YOUR LANDLORD RUSH YOU INTO SIGNING A LEASE BEFORE YOU UNDERSTAND IT. New Brunswick landlords are great at creating an overwhelming sense of urgency. Don't let them psyche you out.

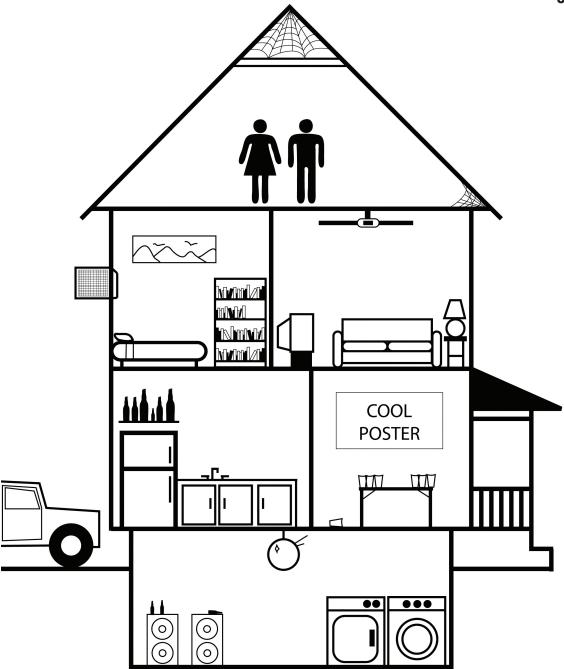
START EARLY. If you want to live off campus you should already be looking for an apartment. The longer you wait, the more power the landlords have.

TRY AND GET YOUR MOVE-IN DATES TO LINE UP. While it's almost impossible to pull off, a little planning can help you avoid storage fees.





If your apartment's not petfriendly, talk to your plants.



Everyone wants to pay around \$500, have a sweet basement with a washer and dryer that can also be used for parties, be close to College Ave, and have their own driveway. It's just not going to happen. If for some reason it does happen, refuse to leave until you sign the lease.

PICKING THE RIGHT ROOMMATE

Finding the right people to live with is just as important as finding the right house or apartment. Establishing a solid group of roommates who can move fast, have an agreedupon list of demands, and promise to do their share of the dishes will put you at the head of the pack. When picking prospective roommates, try and find people who are re-

sponsible. There are few things worse than having to deal with your landlord because your roommate forgot to have his check ready on time or kept spending all her money on vodka and concert tickets. While predicting who will mesh well together as roommates is nearly impossible, I highly recommend living with members of the opposite sex. As long as you can avoid sleeping with each other or letting it get out that you've slept together, living co-ed can be a fun and educational experience. But don't ever live with your best friend's girlfriend or boyfriend. Someday I will write a book called, "The Worst Thing Ever" detailing exactly why this is an absolutely awful idea.



MHL is the champagne of beers, but don't spill it on your Apple products.

The Privilege of Poverty

by Katelyn Devine

Call it a right of passage, call it misfortune, call it stupidity: Rutgers students are poor and damn proud

I recently overheard a conversation between two neighbors on their porch. One exclaimed, "I went to get soap, and it's \$1.50. All I have is a friggin' dollar!" Typically such a statement would exemplify tragic, disturbing poverty, a dire situation where the most basic necessities are unattainable. If an impoverished mother or father experienced such a plight, concerned and charitable witnesses might offer spare dollar bills.

But for some reason the exchange between my neighbors isn't a sad situation, it's almost endearing. Being poor is an odd but true sentiment associated with the college years. It's a bond between bros, a common complaint for girls to bitch about. I've seen girls fishing through their vintage Chanel bags for quarters and dimes to buy a cup of coffee. I have friends who have brand new cars that remain stagnant in their driveways because they don't have ten dollars for gas. A twentydollar bill feels good up against your leg pocket, but only holds the weight of one good take-out dinner and a twelve pack.

My neighbors, like most other college students who bemoan their empty bank accounts and light pockets, probably returned back indoors to shiny MacBook

Pros, half-charged smart-phones, and an X-Box or two. Not to mention a warm, sturdy house (probably), with beds, pillows and blankets.

Yes, there are numerous reasons which explain this strange brand of student poverty. We are young. Some of us have part time jobs or supportive parents through which our financial lives breathe.

We are not dirt poor. We are dirt stupid and on a budget, rooted in the pursuit of a degree rather than gainful employment. So we take a few soap-less showers here and there, pay for coffee in loose change, and forsake a meal or two for booze some weekends. And when we can take breaks from writing a term paper, we gaze out the window, admire New Brunswick, and anticipate more affluent days.

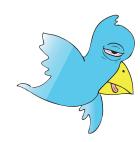
Some day we will graduate from Natty Ice to Sam Adams, or something like it. After four years of hitting the books and living off popcorn for dinner, we may be supporting ourselves, never to worry about the most affordable brand of toilet paper. If we're lucky, there will come a time of paychecks, raises, and hopefully benefits. Maybe some of us will spend our days in offices with big windows that we'll gaze out of, and we'll long for the good old days of simple, blithe poverty.

Never again will we be able to enjoy a conversation about how broke we are. If we boast an inability to afford soap in our post-grad years, we may find ourselves greeted with a blank stare, a cancelled dinner date, or a worried phone call to our mothers. So revel in the privilege of poverty because it sure is fleeting.

THE TWITTER DOLDRUMS

BY MAX DEIRMENJIAN

I can't tell if Twitter is devolving into a medium where people talk about the shit nobody else wants to hear or if Twitter users are simply incognizant of what other people actually find stimulating. When I check my Twitter feed, I'm looking for intelligent material laced into a 140-character tweet, not a chronological account of every little yawn, sneeze, or fart that escapes one of your orifices. Social networking was invented as a way for people to update others on the events in their lives and on the things they have to say Have we really reached a point where "*yawn* #tired" has become something worth sharing with the world? My favorite—and I'm playing it fast and loose with the word favorite—is when people use Twitter to express their anger at some person or event from which the rest of the world is excluded, for example:



5 Feb



Don't talk to me ever again please you're such an ignorant stupid stupid BITCH. Bye!

Look, friend, I have no idea who this "ignorant stupid stupid BITCH" is, so how can I feel bad for you if I have no idea what you're talking about? This is no different than when somebody vocalizes an inside joke to an entire group that has nothing to do with the joke. The joke means something to the person telling it, but it means absolutely nothing to the audience. When you tweet something, you are making a statement to your followers who are willingly following you because they want to feel involved. I understand that you may be frustrated, but when your tweets are as thought-provoking as Dave Coulier's grocery list, who is going to care?

I can tell right away that a person has nothing of importance to say when I go to their Twitter page and see that they have tens of thousands of tweets. To have that many tweets requires you to send out dozens of tweets daily. Nobody has that many important thoughts on a daily basis. Nobody.

I'm not asking for much. If you find yourself itching to say something and you're not sure if it's worth tweeting, write it down on a piece of paper first, and then read it back to yourself. If it doesn't have anything to offer the future inhabitants of the earth, fucking throw it out. I find it hard to believe that some people find themselves tweeting the word "Sneeze" and reflect upon it thinking, "This is gold. Pure gold. You're welcome, world."





TWEET US @RUTGERS REVIEW

PRIDE & PREJUDICE

A TALE OF COMING OUT BY AMANDA MATTEO

I didn't just wake up one morning and decide,

"Hey! I think I'll be a lesbian today!" In fact, coming to terms with my homosexuality was a sufficiently traumatic mind-fuck of an experience that I honestly wouldn't wish on anyone. It is almost impossible to describe what it feels like when the realization finally hits you; it's like waking up one morning and realizing that your entire conception of who you are has been a lie, but you've secretly known it all along. It's like an overwhelming sense of calm, amidst a torrent of extreme emotions ranging everywhere from constant fear to utter elation to complete denial. Denial: I think we should refer to it as the silent killer.

It's not as if I live in a bubble. It's not like I expected my parents to be all sunshine and daisies when I told them it was likely they wouldn't be having biological grandchildren. I was not, however, expecting what I received, which was a rage-induced invasion of my privacy and an entire renunciation of everything that I had to say. It started with a Tumblr and a snooping mother. This snowballed into an explosion of accusatory tirades entirely based on suspicion, and a notion that

"gay" was something you could catch like a disease. The hurt that I felt wholly overwhelmed me; here I am, struggling to figure out my own life, only to feel subjugated in my own home, petrified to return until I absolutely had to. I spent the following months in total opposition to my parents: avoiding calls, fielding nasty underhanded remarks, participating in constant screaming matches. All this while crying myself to sleep each night, trying to pass my classes, and ultimately figuring out how I could support the life that would make me happy, knowing full well that things would likely not end up in my favor.

My father was raised in an Italian-Catholic household, with parents straight off the boat from Italy. His conception of political correctness is essentially non-existent, as is his understanding of my own "liberal" tendencies. I expected his reaction, and although that realization was painful, I could at least prepare myself for the fall to follow. My mother, on the other hand, was raised in a liberal Jewish household plagued by the messiest of divorces. She always prided herself on being the "understanding" parent; when my dad's anger exploded, she was always there to listen, to be the parent that she never had. Yet when everything was said and done, she became just like her parents and broke my heart. I had never before realized that homophobia could run

so deep, that my mother could have it in her to tell me, her only daughter, that she didn't think of me in the same way that she did before. I became cold and distant as a necessity, and focused instead on becoming comfortable with myself because, at the end of the day, I was all that I had. Which brings us back to denial, the aforementioned silent killer.

The only thing perhaps worse than profanity-ridden, devastatingly-hurtful confrontations is the realization that those around you are in denial. My parents do not believe me, do not want to believe me, want to change me and everything that I stand for. It is the elephant in the room that we no longer bring up, but which we all know is there and which will certainly be made visible in the not-so-distant future. It's like everything I was building toward was for nothing. Denial, when intermingled with ignorance, is something that no

The next few months were filled with several reveals to friends and particular family members, all of whom supported me and allowed me to realize that it was, in fact, okay to be gay. Yet they were also filled with familial gossip and a great many

one ever deserves to be subject to.

awkward, anger-fueled encounters. My coming out experience then culminated in a Starbucks reveal to my father and a forced reveal to my mother, a hysterical crying and screaming match that released a year's worth of tension but ultimately resolved nothing. Resolved nothing but my decision to not give a fuck about what they had to say. My decision to finally be proud of who I am, and to do everything in my power to live the happy life that I deserve.

They say that what doesn't kill you will make you stronger. Through these experiences, I have grown into a strong, independent woman who loves who she is and finally does not give a flying fuck about what anyone else thinks. I have begun to explore the active gay lifestyle that Rutgers has to offer, and have been introduced to some of the most inspiring and wonderful people that I have ever known. I've already been met with drunken confrontations and horrific comments, but, hey, I'm a sassy Italian

THE ONLY THING PERHAPS WORSETHAN PROFANITY-RIDDEN, DEVASTATINGLY-HURTFUL CONFRONTATIONS IS THE REALIZATION THAT THOSE AROUND YOU ARE IN DENIAL

woman who is more than capable of defending herself. I know that things right now are not okay, but I can only hope that one day they will be. And for all the roadblocks that I know I will face along the way, I know that I can get through it. I have resolved to live my life in the way that will make me happy, and nothing else matters—not even what my parents have to say.

I haven't recounted my story as a sappy "It Gets Better" homage or anything of the sort, but rather as a form of awareness. For an accurate interpretation of the traumatic experiences which so many individuals are forced to live through. Yet also, I have written this to show that I, Amanda Matteo, am proud to be who I am, and am not afraid of what life may throw my way. I am a lesbian and I am damn proud of it. And for anyone who dares to question those in my position, we didn't ask about your love life, so there's no need for you to ask us about ours. Love is love is love, no matter who it's between.



Concerning
Etiquette on
the Dance
Floor
by Julian

Chokkattu

The bass resonates through the basement. Strobe lights rapidly blink, flashing the room with white light in milliseconds. Your hands move to the steady rhythm, your head bobs to the beat, your feet move left to right. The girl in front of you smiles as you continue to dance with her. You see another man come behind her and start to dance with her. He, uninvited, places his hands on her hips and moves with her. She, politely, turns around and says "No thank you" and moves to the side of you.

I've seen this happen countless times, and with that, I'm urged to ask:

Do guys ask girls to dance anymore?

It's rare to see this happen nowadays on the dance floor of most college basements, but I believe that the fact that you are in a college basement doesn't mean that it's alright for you to dance with a girl without asking. The etiquette of asking isn't limited to formal dances or balls; it's simply respectful to do so. Also, the way a girl dresses is not an invitation for you to walk up to her and get your groove on without her permission.

I just find this disrespectful behavior to be weird and fairly creepy. I would be completely disappointed in myself if I did something like that. Think about it: every one's having fun on the dance floor when suddenly you butt into a girl's rhythm and start putting your hands all over her. No! Just walk up to her and ask her to dance; be coy and confident. That's all there is to it.

We have seen a kind of social de-evolution in our society. In past times it was always implied that one would ask one's partner before one danced. Today a man goes to dance with a woman simply by moving into her personal space, and then she either chooses to walk away or dance with the man. While some girls are fine with this, it certainly doesn't hurt to ask. Bhoomi Shah, a senior at Rutgers University says, "Usually it has a bad connotation to it, but it also depends on how drunk he is. It is way more polite to ask before just rubbing up behind a girl. It seems disrespectful and is a turn-off most of the time."

The fear of rejection is nothing to fear at all. If she's not into you, there's probably at least one person at the party who is. So ask around, some girls might even dance with you just because you asked. It makes you stand out from the others that creep up uninvited. Asking also shows that you are confident, an admired quality.

So for the sake of maintaining some form of respect and etiquette on the dance floor, ask before you dance.



Photo by Maria Finelli

I had no idea that I was moving into a small scale UN when I signed up for housing last year. All that I really wanted was a single. So when I found out that my roommates were from England, Germany, and Korea, I was a bit confused. I was even more confused when, on move-in day, everyone in the elevator had a thick accent and those who didn't could be heard muttering in Swedish, Spanish, and French.

"Did you sign up for this?" asked the other American that lives below me.

"Um...no," I responded.

"Yeah, me either," he said and waved to his roommate from the Netherlands. "I kinda like it." It turns out, so do I.

Living in Rockoff Hall is like going abroad multiple times a day to several different countries without ever having to leave your couch. I have already been treated to French Crepe Night, Australian Day, and German Pasta Night. I've learned how to say, "Let's drink," in six different languages. But what also makes the George Street residence hall different from other dormitories is the transiency. Most college students have four years to create life-altering camaraderie, but at Rockoff, some students are only here for a semester. Everyone lives in a euphoric vacation mentality: party hard while you still have the chance because you are leaving America in six months. The lengthy American vacation outlook is

Life at Rockoff Hall by Alysia M. Slocum

contagious. Even though I have lived in NJ for years, I find myself suddenly spending weekends in Boston, finally seeing New York City tourist attractions and photographing the city of Brotherly Love. Last Friday, I took my first Central Park horse and carriage ride. However, all of the weekend travels and closeknit bonding only make the goodbyes that much harder.

"At home, I just have to get a job. And then be a wife," my Korean roommate told me last semester as she packed her clothes to leave. The tears in her eyes gave away how much harder it would be to leave her life here in Rockoff than she had expected.

"I'll Skype you all of the time," my French friend promised me the day that he prepared to cross the Atlantic. His voice cracked, and his lip quivered, and I wondered how I'd come to care about someone so much in a matter of months. When transferring to Rutgers, I had no idea that I'd get the chance to cross oceans and make friendships so precious and lasting. Not to mention, I've also secured some sweet homes to vacation in when I finally get that chance to backpack through Europe.

Priceless Art no, really

byIan Gabriel and Estee Kim

Instead of spending ten dollars on a flimsy 2-by-4 piece of what-should-be-made-of-recycled paper that grants you access to a movie theater, check out the classics professor Katherine Wasdin's free, weekly Classical World in Cinema series. All of the films are cinematic attempts to recreate, recapture, and embody the lives and spirit of the Ancient Greeks and Romans. The list of films includes both modern interpretations like Agora (2009) and Gladiator (2000) and older Oscar winners like Ben-Hur (1959) and Cleopatra (1963). Not only will these films stimulate you intellectually—and maybe sexually during a Russell Crowe battle scene—but they will also help you impress your colleagues and professors as you catch yourself commenting on the historical accuracies (or inaccuracies!) of Ancient Greece or critiquing Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton's romantic performances as Cleopatra and Mark Antony.

Where? Campbell, CAC, Room A5,. When? Tuesdays 8 PM

Cost: Free

3/20: Spartacus 3/27: Cleopatra (1963)

4/3: Ben-Hur

4/10: Gladiator 4/17: Agora (2009)

4/24: Contempt (Le Mépris)

Another art venue downtown is the Mason Gross School of the Arts gallery, which houses work from both undergraduate and graduate students, as well as faculty and non-affiliated artists. The best shows are the BFA and MFA thesis exhibitions where you can see the final projects of talented Mason Gross students. The student pieces are impressive, and you may find yourself drooling over a painting that you then realize is your friend's thesis. The gallery is also a performance space, and some of the theatre and music events are free. Again, this gallery space features all different types of visual art from painting, to sculpture, to photography. You may even want to bring your parents so they can see how their tax dollars have helped maintain a serious arts program with serious artists.

Where? 33 Livingston Ave. When? M, T, Th, F: 10:00 am - 4:00 pm, W: 10:00 am - 6:00 pm, Sat: 12:00 pm - 4:00 pm Cost: Free!

If you are in the mood for fine art and you have a lot of time to kill, go the Zimmerli Art museum, located on the Hamilton St. end of Voorhees Mall. This remarkably under-appreciated and surprisingly spacious arts resource at Rutgers has a strong permanent collection of American and European art and temporary exhibits that change about every six months. The museum's most compelling offering is the Dodge Collection, home to one of the world's premiere collections of subversive Soviet art. The collection includes small, satirical sculptures of soldiers, abstract paintings of ghoulish faces, and multimedia pieces made from Soviet-era artifacts, all of which were considered illegal art by the communist regime.

Across from the Dodge Collection are the visiting exhibits, which feature artists from all over the world from. Past exhibits have included prints by Spanish romantic period master Francisco de Goya and a conceptual, multi-artist exhibit called Water that featured only art that had some connection to good ol' H2O. Rachel Perry Welty 24/7, which will be at the museum until July 8, shows Welty's incredibly meticulous pieces made of food-packaging, fruit stickers, and small photos of all of her possessions. There's even an interactive piece that uses iPhones and Twitter. You could even tweet @RutgersReview while you're there.

Where? Hamilton St. When? T - Fr: 10:00 am - 4:30 pm, Sat - Sun: 12:00 pm - 5:00 pm. Cost: Free!

Art in New Brunswick is not always associated with Rutgers. One important example is Alfa Art Gallery, a private visual art gallery downtown. The space is small, enough to fit about 20 paintings, but the exhibitions are frequent, so there is a lot of art to see over the course of a semester. The shows usually feature paintings or photos, but sometimes artists display sculptures and multimedia pieces. The gallery operates as an open studio as well as a gallery, and sometimes, if they are lucky, visitors can observe the artists creating the works that eventually go on the walls. The curators like to showcase emerging local artists, sometimes from Mason Gross, as well as established artists from other parts of the country or other countries. To add to the fun, almost every other Friday, the gallery holds its show openings, where the artists unveil their offerings to the public. Not only will you get to meet the artist, but there are often free refreshments!

Where? 108 Church St. When? T-Sat: 11:00 am - 7:00 pm. Cost: Free!









Top: The Zimmerli Art Museum. Middleleft: Gallery at Mason Gross. Middle-right: Alfa Art Gallery. Left: Location of Classical World Cinema Series.



New Brunswick bard, Matt Kosinski. Photo by Francesca Fiore.

New Brunswick in Epic Proportions

one student's take on the creative thesis by Ian Gabriel If an outside observer looked at my thirteen-credit course load this semester, complete with such mind-bending courses as Dance Appreciation and History of Public Monuments, he or she would likely diagnose me with classic senioritis. The disease is like the chicken pox of high school, except instead of everybody getting annoying itchy red bumps all over their skin, they get really lazy and relaxed and may drink after school with their friends. But the second semester of my senior year in college has been anything but relaxing, for I am writing a thesis (cue heavy, ominous classical music). Hours upon hours spent in the library, endless research, page after page. It is by far the biggest academic project I have undertaken in college, and it is just that—an academic undertaking. My final product will be a long scholarly paper, footnotes at the bottom of each page, bound into a nice book for (hopefully) other scholars to read.

While my type of paper is typical for a senior project, there are other, more creative ways that a student can write a thesis. One such example is that of Matthew Kosinksi, whose project is an epic poem about our fair city, New Brunswick. His interdisciplinary thesis through the SAS Honors Program not only artistically portrays Kosinki's connection to New Brunswick but raises questions about what a thesis actually is and how the arts fit into the academic setting of a university.

According to Kosinski, the plot of the still untitled poem is this: "A young man by the name of Filius meets the ghost of his seven-year-old aunt on the twelfth floor of an empty apartment building. What follows is an exchange between the two which traces the various mythologies of New Brunswick, particularly with respect to two dyads: ego/citizen and living/dead." The project is deeply personal for Kosinksi, and inspiration has come from his life in New Brunswick over the past four years of college, as well as his family history in Hub City—his grandfather was raised on Dix St. Kosinki's writing has a distinctive style, using rich, descriptive imagery and personal experiences to describe the everyday experiences of New Brunswick that we all know so well. One section describes the nearly unfordable rivers of rainwater that form on either side of Hamilton St. during a storm:

"They have spent months now breaking open the sewers which never work anyway and they are down there and at it again: the city heaves the contents of one underbelly up; an aqueous ledger of us; But we cannot yet read water;

What we can do, though, is spend eternity pissing & pissing & pissing."

Another recounts an activity that bonds Rutgers students and New Brunswick residents together, the fuel for our fun:

"What you do here in New Brunswick is you drink:

It is a social geography of bars and liquor stores (the hub open late),

of porches, corners, parks and dorm rooms. Alcohol as a mediation of our selves, a metaphysical lubricant with which one slides lovelike into the hole at the city center..."

It is obvious from these passages that Kosinski's project is a non-traditional thesis. There is no thesis statement, no reactions to secondary sources, no final conclusions or findings. His goal in writing this poem about New Brunswick is not to make a comment or an argument, which would be the purpose of an academic paper, but more to portray, as honestly as possible the "sociocultural landscapes, the emotional states, the spiritual aspects, the truths and the fictions [of the experience of New Brunswick]: all the various things which make New Brunswick not just a place but a complex event in the lives of the people who live in and around it." Theoretically, an academic scholar, like a sociologist or an oral historian, could tackle these topics with a normal paper. But would that medium be the best way to fully capture

New Brunswick's essence?

Kosinski's project answers that question with a definitive "no." He says "If I am going to be true to the city-to really experience it, explore it, and make any sort of sense of it-then I cannot tackle it via the traditional thesis route of academic essay. I feel like doing so would force me to present the city as something it is not: something sensible, rational, and totally cohesive. But, as any resident of New Brunswick can tell you, this is a city of contradictions: beauty and turbulence; order and entropy; love and violence; college students buying \$5 lattes from the Starbucks and homeless people asking for spare change just outside the doors." Because Kosinski is deeply connected to and familiar with the true spirit of New Brunswick, one that is unorganized and irrational, his epic poem is a much more appropriate medium than the structured and rigid scholarly essay.

Logically, it seems that the artistic or creative thesis would have no place in the academic arena of a major university like Rutgers, whose faculty and students have been producing scholarly material for 250 years. But Kosinski's work succeeds in combining academics with art. His decision to create an artistic thesis with no specific argument does not compromise the intellectual nature of the work but gives the reader an alternative to the time-tested thesis standard that has dominated the university so long. He says "I see the creative thesis as a sort of alternate avenue of information," and he is absolutely right. Some subject matters are best discussed within the confines of scholarly writings, such as the content of my thesis, whereas others are more personal and expressive and require different means of communi-

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Kosinski's project and creative theses like his are important because they question and expand the limits of intellectual pursuit. They show us that students can intellectually examine a topic without restraining their ideas to the rigid boundaries of the scholarly paper. They prove that arts and academia are not separate, exclusive entities. And they provide us with a fresh perspective on the concept of a thesis.

NEVER READ IT

by Jeff Adler

When we can finally take a second, a mere pause from the endless depth of finding veritable meaning, if we can extricate ourselves from the search of what it is to be, we find ourselves with one last truth, one last bit of unmoving, infallible evidence found in a sea of unfindability: the title of the book Mrs. Dalloway is indeed Mrs. Dalloway.

post-modern-post-structuralist-post-itnote era we live in, where the meaning of "the novel" (whatever that means; I mean who really knows what ""a novel"" is [more quotes implies more profundity]? An extension of the author? One ripple in a troubled lake that's really nothing more than a reflection of our own inevitability? L-E-V-O-N spelled backwards?) is thought to be found in the book, we often forget the most obvious place from which the book itself builds itself up: right on the book, right on its cover, the shell that both supports and encapsulates the story. It is there where we must look if we are to truly understand the author's locus.

I dare you, yes you, the brave reader, remove yourself from the self-affirming confines of your mind! Take a stroll to your local public library! Try

to find me a copy of Mrs. Dalloway that does not have "Mrs. Dalloway" written in mocking bold on the cover! How would I lust for such an eternal untruth! But that untruth find-you-will-not! For Mrs. Dalloway, she lives but eternally on the cover, above her necessary-other, Virginia Woolf! But why must she lay there for always, you ask me? But for one reason and one reason only, for her name, Mrs. Dalloway, is the title of the book Mrs. Dalloway!

The Gods' joke upon us all: style versus substance, the aesthetic against the idea, the dichotomous dichotomy by which we pick sides and fight our intellectual wars. We read the stories, we share our two cents about the characters and their metaphors and their tropes—oh how we revere the act of reading! But for what, I ask you? Only in one place can the opposing notions of feeling and understanding meet, and that is right on the glossy front of a book. So I beg you, read no more! Think of this as a sort of treatise, a moratorium on analysis, a halting of your scanning of every-single-long-boring page of your prose! I end your literature here: the title of Mrs. Dalloway is Mrs. Dalloway.

Here's some dudes who claimed they made it past the front cover of their books. We gave them one sentence to prove it.

> "I can't say it better than Kerouac himself: 'Our battered suitcases were piled on the sidewalk again; we had longer ways to go. But no matter, the road is life."

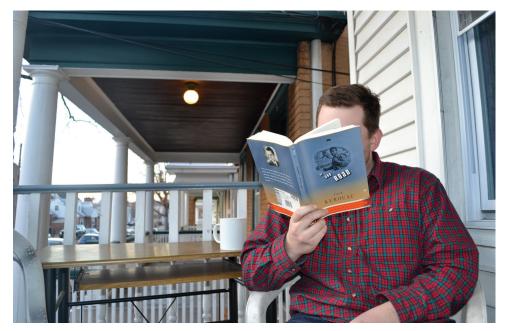
> > Ryan Smith (top) post-grad On the Road by Jack Kerouac

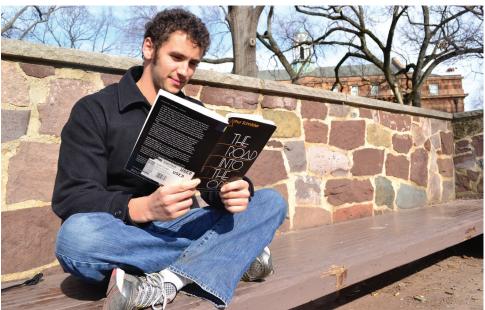
"An Austrian nobleman and his experiences with Austrian nationalism and anti-Semitism in the late 19th century. There's romantic drama. It's for class, but I actually like it."

> lan Bamberger (middle) junior The Road Into the Open by Arthur Schnitzler

"Very rustic, mismatched love that takes place within a decadent 1920s world."

Jake Cheeseman (bottom) sophomore The Last Nude by Ellis Avery









What a Skyrim addict sees on the way to Murray Hall

How I Stopped Being a Person and Started Slaying **Dragons**

by Eric Weinstein illustration by Truman Lahr

In 2006, I played a video game called The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion. I spent days foraging for the exotic ingredients of magic potions, going on quests, and battling, until my eye liquids became dense from staring at a television

screen. Eventually, I saved the land of Cyrodiil from evil. But I paid dearly.

I routinely played Oblivion until my Xbox would crash, forcing me to eject the smoldering disk and return it to its plastic case. Eventually my reckless behavior pushed my Xbox to a premature death. I decided not to replace it.

So, when developers announced the release of Skyrim, the next chapter in the Elder Scroll series, I didn't care. I ignored all the positive reviews and everything Skyrim related.

But my roommate bought a super-powered gaming laptop, and he decided to purchase Skyrim. I asked if I could play.

I relapsed instantly.

Skyrim is bliss. A rugged continent of adventure lies before me. Cascading blue waters roll off snow-capped mountains in powerful rocky streams through evergreen forests. Elk with majestic antlers graze delicately upon the tundra

and lift their muscular necks toward me as I approach them.

As an adventurer, I enter sleepy hamlets and watch peasants grind wheat. Viking strongholds fill me with a sense of isolation and wonderment as I admire their ancient, mossy battlements and bright battle standards. Bandits and trolls meet their doom before my enchanted Elven bow. Barbarian kings respect me, and my enemies fear me. I am a dragonslaying hero, the Dovahkiin, the Dragonborn!

I've only played Skyrim about five times, but I've probably spent over 40 hours playing. I don't need to sleep anymore and I hardly use the bathroom; these bodily needs are secondary to the game. My Skyrim character doesn't sleep, so why should I? I feel like I can live forever in the game.

It's hard finding people who will talk about Skyrim. Most people have moved on or have convinced themselves they have. When I bring up Skyrim in conversation, I watch my friends' eyes glaze over. They cautiously pick their words and ask to change the subject.

I've heard about people losing their friends to Skyrim, and sadly it's true. Some of my friends refuse to talk to me, since I am now a destructive influence. One friend relapsed because I couldn't stop talking about it. I needed to share the news that my character had turned into a werewolf. My friend is ruined, but I heard his character is doing great!

But worst of all, I write this article as I watch my roommate on his laptop. As soon as he goes to bed, I am going to scurry over to his computer and play for another eight hours. The waiting is the hardest part.

Ticket anxier

a plague worse than the bubonic |

My deeply rooted love for Brand New began in middle school, in those awful years that consisted of the layered look and my poorly cut bangs. Whenever they decide to go on their haphazard tours post-Daisy, I make sure I get tickets before rumors prove true and they actually do disband. But as the tours become sporadic, getting tickets is getting as hard as it is not to bawl your life away while listening to, "Limousine." In one of my proudest moments, I acquired tickets to a Philly show in the spring of 2011 that sold out in eleven minutes. At the time the Brand New grapevine spun stories of a quick sellout, as is custom for their North East shows, so I prepared myself for what I anticipated would be a difficult yet plausible feat.

Debit card in hand with the weight of a throwing star, I sat on my laptop, fingers married to the mousepad, refreshing Lucifer's favorite distribution site: Ticketmaster, cursing at every damn CAPTCHA that could've possibly lost my spot in the virtual ticket-line. Palms sweaty and heart racing, I begged my internet to stop moving at a glacial pace, knowing one false move, and I'd be connected to my neighbor's busted-ass internet, my tickets on some other fan's credit card.

I waited for the clock to hit noon, 11:59 taunting me like that little brat at recess in elementary school who wouldn't share his Crazy Bones. I held my breath as I refreshed for the last time, fully expecting the worst. But Ticketmaster finally loaded, a miracle in itself, and with a deep sigh I relaxed, 'cause I got those damn tickets despite the evil ticket gods working against mine, and every other humble fan's, favour.

That day was a Jesse Lacey admiration day, one of which I thought would be followed by many. I didn't dream that I'd have a harder time than that acquiring tickets for anything, but within the year to follow, ticket anxiety has plagued me worse than the Bubonic.

Brand New struck again this past November when they announced their New Year's Eve show in Atlantic City consisting of three sets, three fucking sets! Upon hearing this news, panic gripped my body and I knew a struggle was ahead of me, but I really had no idea what Mr. Lacey and Company had designed for us.

Unable to get out of a Dinosaur exam, I experienced megaticket-anxiety as my roommate waited for 11:11 AM on November 11, 2011 (Jesse, you bitch). I answered questions about Pterosaurs or turtles, or triceratops, I can't remember. All I remember thinking of was how there was no other way I'd rather begin 2012 than hearing Your Favorite Weapon played from start to finish.

by Kelly Barton

I SAT ON MY LAPTOP,
FINGERS MARRIED
TO THE MOUSEPAD, REFRESHING
LUCIFER'S FAVORITE
DISTRIBUTION SITE:
TICKETMASTER

But the amazing eleven-minute sell out I had experienced in the spring was beat. I'm not sure how many minutes, or seconds, it took, but we had a better chance of understanding the Cheshire Cat and getting out of the rabbit hole than we did at getting those tickets.

Unfortunately Brand New wasn't the only band I have missed out on due to this atrocious affliction, since that first brush with ticket anxiety, I've missed out on at least a handful of shows, all after valiant attempts.

This anxiety is crippling, disheartening even, and I am sure (or at least hoping) I'm not the only one going slightly insane over the prospects of eventually being denied any ticket purchasing ability. (Okay, maybe that's dramatic; but this epidemic has all potential to become a pandemic.)

Does the cause of this anxiety have deeper roots? It feels as if bands that were once so easy to see, are getting harder to encounter, and I'm lost for not only an explanation, but also a solution. Could it be that major ticket companies are starting to withhold tickets so they can slowly eat away at my sanity and vex me with unattainable musical experiences? Or is everyone slowly catching on to brilliant music?

Regardless, this is a sickness I'm not willing to succumb to just yet.

You may have won the battle LiveNation, but you sure as Hell have not won this war.







CALEB RECHTEN

of the

J-rock (or Japanese rock) is an extraordinary phenomena. Most of Japan's pop-culture is massive. Video games, music, cartoons, and comics burst from every pore of Japan. I've noticed that too many people in America seem to think that we (we being Americans) are the only ones that produce art, movies, and music especially. While America may be in the lead for producing these things, we are definitely not the only ones. And one could still argue that we're only in the lead by mass quantity. If you look at other cultures, there are so many things that you'd never find in American culture that are just as worth the watch or listen, if not more worth it.

The fact that the music is in another language keeps plenty of people away, but for me, music has never been about the words. No doubt it's a great and amazing part of music, and it can ruin a song or make it, but I don't believe that words are the biggest part or make it qualify as music. What then is classical music? Also, if not knowing the words bugs you that much, you can usually find the translated lyrics online.

Japan happens to have the second largest music market in the world, making the United Kingdom third. I personally found Japanese music so much more interesting because the cultural influences are completely different in comparison to the UK and the US. Aside from all this intrigue, you have some artists that would easily give some of the prominent bands around today a run for their money not only through pure instrumental skill, but also through their style as well. Many of the Japanese bands I will mention have a very strong visual presence on stage and in the media. A good example would be the band 'The Gazette.' Fast paced guitars and a kick-ass drummer, they're always wearing something interesting. They have several good music videos too. This move for a strongly-themed visual presence in Japan is called 'Visual Kei.'

One of my favorite artists from Japan is Miyavi, originally the guitarist for Due Le Quartz. I've never seen anyone this skilled on the guitar or as imaginative; he switches up his styles nearly every song. Half are electric, half are acoustic, and they both range from intense to soft. Some of my favorites have a blues feel to them, but he has plenty of metal, rock, screamo-ish, alternative and hip hop songs. Another great artist to check out is Gackt. X-Japan and Nightmare are good

THE FACT THAT THE MUSIC IS IN ANOTHER LANGUAGE KEEPS PLENTY OF PEOPLE AWAY, BUT FOR ME, MUSIC HAS NEVER BEEN ABOUT THE WORDS

ones. Versailles is one that has a very interesting visual style. The band frequently wears Victorian outfits complete with powdered wigs and ruffled sleeves and collars.

Now, I'm going to be honest; I don't know all the Japanese bands. I know a tiny percent of some of the more prominent artists out there. But that's because there's so much going on in Japan. Every genre of music you can think of: rock, metal, rap, jazz, reggae, hiphop, folk (of course), classical—you name it. Their music is highly developed. One of these days I'm going to make it there and see it for myself. Till then, back to the computer research!



How many g-strings can you spot in this picture? Illustration by Truman Lahr.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO PLUR?

THE HOUSE MUSIC INVASION BY NICK BORNER

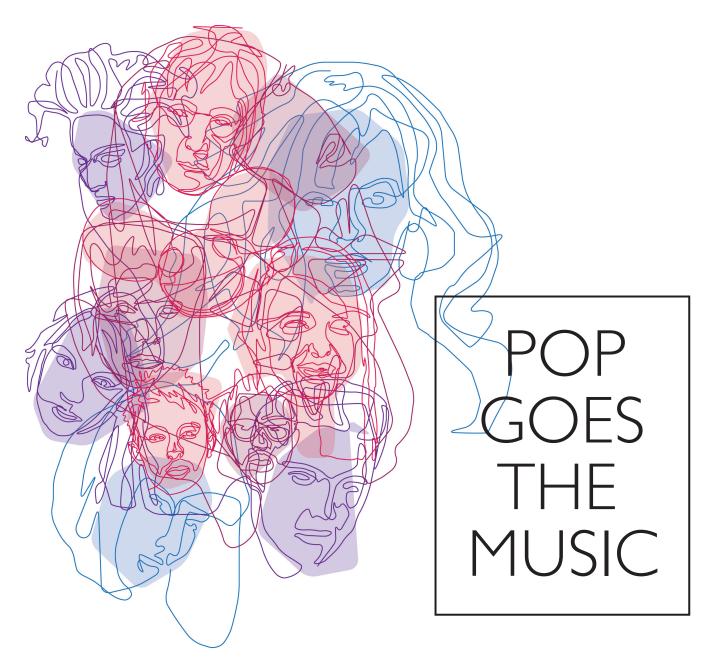
If you've gone to a club or to a party in 2011, there's no doubt you've heard the words, "Oh sometimes, I get a good feeling" once made famous by the late Etta James, put to 120 bpm and broken down, followed by an uplifting, "house-y" tune. This is a sign of the times. It seems in 2011, one couldn't escape the invasion of house music in the United States.

The setting for today's EDM (electronic dance music) scene is much different than the one we stereotypically think of. Rather than crowds of people high on drugs in a sweaty, underground dance club, dancing all night to repetitive beats with no breakdown in sight, driven by a love for the music and a belief in P.L.U.R. (peace, love, unity, respect), today's scene still sports light shows and kids on drugs and repetitive beats, but DJs interweave their own songs with the songs of other producers, a welcomed practice in today's dance scene. Today there is something called "DJ lust," a practice in which rather than going to shows for the love of the music, many people attend shows to see a specific DJ perform. Today there is less emphasis on P.L.U.R., with the popularity of such aggressive EDM genres as dubstep and drum and bass, whose breakdowns just beg for you to headbang and flail your body into others. And with Facebook and Twitter, DJs can communicate directly with fans to share dates, gain feedback, and become much closer. This technological change has brought with it an emerging change in attitude, with social networking as the perfect vehicle to usher in said change. These changes in attitude, such as Tiësto, the "best DJ in the world," urging his fans not to bring glow sticks to shows because they make the scene "too rave-y" and the desire to conform the scene, have upset many fans who have been around since before 2011. And yet many American fans have no knowledge of the history of electronic and progressive dance music. From Paul Oakenfold first spinning house and trance music on the sandy beaches of Ibiza, Spain, to Swedish House Mafia's September 2011 Madison Square Garden show heard (and streamed) around the world, EDM knows no boundaries.

Living on a college campus, everyone wants to share their opinions on music. I've heard many people say that electronic music is dead, the rave scene is dead, house music has turned to crap, all attributed

TODAY THERE IS SOMETHING CALLED "DJ LUST," A PRACTICE IN WHICH RATHER THAN GOING TO SHOWS FOR THE LOVE OF THE MUSIC, MANY PEOPLE ATTEND SHOWS TO SEE A SPECIFIC DJ PERFORM

to its surging popularity and the presence of younger and younger people at shows. While it discourages me to hear Avicii's "Levels" sampled in a Flo Rida song, this is an attitude brought on by American individualism. For over 20 years, electronic music has grown and developed across Europe and Asia. By the time it reached the United States, it had developed to become unique for its presence here. Progressive House, made famous by such producers as Kaskade, Laidback Luke, and Avicii, has become the contemporary American style of EDM. While twenty years ago shows would be selling out in Ibiza, Amsterdam, and Berlin, today's EDM shows are selling out in Las Vegas, Los Angeles, and New York City. Americans are no longer resisting EDM's global magnetism, but many are missing the point. While some see EDM as a reason to dress scantily and take a lot of drugs and others question its legitimacy as music, claiming that anyone with a laptop could easily produce it ("I could do it so easily, if I had the time") many others understand and live by the original lessons of dance music, which are above all, peace and love toward one another, unity among us as people, and respect for one another. It's a shame that people are more defensive of the music itself than of what it stands for, but it seems like this music will only continue to grow in America in the years to come, and we can hope its teachings of P.L.U.R. could transcend the context of the music and find its way inside the hearts and minds of all music lovers.



"Today's popular music sucks." I'm sure you've heard this numerous times, maybe even said it yourself. Popular music, by definition, is music made for the enjoyment of the masses. There have been psychological studies done which have proved that certain musical progressions used in popular music activate the pleasure centers of the brain. How then, can this music possibly suck? To answer this question, we need to look at popular music through a sociological lens. We need to look at it as an artifact of the culture it resides in.

Easy example: the 1960s. Popular music of the time: The Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, and other psychedelic acts. What do they say about

the culture of those times? Experimentation and rebellion. The '60s to many people were all about experimenting with any substances they could find, and this experimental spirit was combined with a rebellion against society's conventions. The music embodied these desires, with songs fueled by psychedelic experiences and tinged with a disdain for the current state of the U.S. The music serves as a view into what was prevalent during that time. So now looking at today's popular music, what does it say about our present society?

Probably the most salient thing is the importance of technology. Music nowadays embodies our love of technology. Electronic beats have become the

standard, emanating from just about every radio station. DJs have become superstars, with their concerts drawing enormous crowds. People like David Guetta and Deadmau5 have placed their stamp all over the popular music landscape. Composition has become a computer-based process, with machines that can produce any type of musical sound desired. "Give me convenience or give me death" is the mindset. With a little training, almost anyone can create a new musical sensation, à la Rebecca Black (sorry for bringing up those painful memories).

But that's the most obvious point: we need to dig a little deeper to find a profound critique. Our

NO ONE DARES RISK SOMETHING RADICALLY DIFFERENT OUT OF FEAR OF BEING REPRIMANDED BY THE CRITICS

popular music embodies our lust for "new" to a frightening degree. People are always looking for the next best thing out there, and everyone continually tries to improve everything as much as they can. The idea is that everything can always be improved, and thus we are left with pretty decent products that go out-of-date at an alarmingly quick rate. People love songs when they're new, which shows in the excessive airplay they receive. Then they hear them too much and move onto the next new thing, starting

the cycle over again. It's ADD in musical form. The musical producers know this too, and put out songs that they know won't last because they don't have to. Get a few weeks of airplay, maybe a month if they're lucky, collect the profit, and then repeat.

Take remixes: they take a song, look to improve it in some way, and then release it as something new. They don't take long to make and they typically go out of style even more quickly than the song they borrowed from. Seldom do you see someone listening to a remix for more than the "oh, this is a cool version of that song" factor. If the songs they choose to remix actually needed improvement, this wouldn't be nearly as bad. Recently I've heard techno remixes of "Otherside" by the Red Hot Chili Peppers, "Smells Like Teen Spirit" by Nirvana, and "Creep" by Radiohead (Yeah, you read that correctly. Apparently a techno remix of "Creep" was necessary). Each one was spectacularly awful. Cobain would be offing himself again in his grave if he could. Don't get me wrong—some remixes are well done but too often remixes are just a way to sell old tunes back to the public as something new.

At the same time popular music shows how obsessed we are with everything new, it shows how much we are against change. It's an odd contradiction. People really do not like to change, and it is apparent in nearly all facets of life. The concept of branding products revolves almost entirely around this, as people have some pretty strong loyalties to certain brands (see: Call of Duty). For a more personal example, think of how you felt when you had to go from high school to college. Pretty nervewracking right? Or, look at people who stay in terrible relationships just because they're familiar. Popular music captures this perfectly. These new songs getting churned out often sound strikingly similar to what came before them. Each genre of popular music seems to have one sound that every artist sticks to, and in certain genres, it can become almost impossible for the casual listener to even discern between bands.

We want new music, yet at the same time we don't want it to be all that different from what we've heard before. This leads to producers and artists being essentially forced to make the same songs over and over again because that's what the public wants (and thus where the money is). No one dares risk something radically different out of fear of being reprimanded by the critics. This won't change until we will, and this brings me back to my original question: how can this music possibly suck? The only answer is because we suck: this music embodies our society's conscious (and unconscious) desires. And not of all it does suck; the gems are just harder to find, usually resting on the fringes of the popular music landscape. The Black Keys serve as a recent example, offering an enjoyable sound quite different from the industry standard; the recent resurgence of lo-fi also comes to mind.

So the next time someone is telling you how much popular music sucks today, politely correct them by saying, "Yeah, the majority does, but it's because we suck."

ometimes when you meet a writer in person, their appearance and demeanor defy the image you drew in your head while reading their prose. Other times, when meeting a writer, it seems that

they had jumped out at you while you read and let you see them in fine enough detail for a portrait. It didn't get everything right, but I think my imagination did a pretty good job of picturing Aaron Marcus, the Jewish conservative author of The Daily Targum column "Marcus My Words." Physically he's a bit round but in an endearing way, like a teddy bear, and that characterization is even more fitting when you consider his brown hair that almost looks a bit like fur. His manner and motions exude confidence but not pretentiousness, like a man who knows he's right about many things but knows he can't be right about everything. His speech has the bro-ish rhythms and bass sounds so common in young New Jersey males, but there's a New York accent at the core, containing patterns that may well be a legacy of his ancestors' Yiddish. That's not surprising since Aaron is originally from New York, but he went to school on our side of the Hudson.

Aaron has two siblings, a brother and a sister. His

brother is an ultra-Orthodox Jew with Marxist beliefs. His sister is a doctoral candidate at the University of Chicago. His father is the son of a Rabbi, and his mother is a convert to Judaism. Aaron grew up in "a home where my parents [didn't] always agree with me—they rarely agree with me—but [I never really had] a fear to speak my mind. My mother was always the person who would tell me 'No matter what, speak your mind." Picture a dinner at the Marcus household, where you might witness some of the "greatest dinner conversations ever." Aaron, with his neo-conservative and libertarian beliefs, invokes Ronald Reagan to make some grand point about the woes of government, while his brother counters with a line with from Das Kapital, and his sister makes a wry observation about the proceedings. The parents look proudly at their offspring, who are thoroughly embracing the curiosity and intellectualism so frequently valued in American Jewry. Says Aaron Marcus, "My whole life has been about exposing truth," whether at home, at school, or in the world at large.

As the alternate Tuesday columnist for *The Daily Targum*, Aaron has spoken his mind at Rutgers for almost three year (it would have been four if he did not spend his first year at Yeshiva University). And in speaking his mind, he has entered the minds of Rutgers students. I recall attending the Campus Media Forum in the fall of last year, and though none of us there had met Aaron personally, he became our topic

Marcus Our Words

Reflections on Rutgers' Most Controversial Columnist



by Edward Reep illustration by Rita Pinkusevich



Left: Aaron Marcus in his New Brunswick studio apartment. Right: This is Marcus' writing face.

of conversation. We were particularly interested in students' reactions to his controversial articles. One article entitled "Occupy Wall Street' breeds anti-Semitism among protestors" had recently inspired personals in *The Medium* that compared Aaron, by name, to Hitler.

Few students involved in campus media have been so divisive. *The Daily Targum* used to have open-commenting on its website, but it was forced to change to a format where comments on articles have to be approved by staff—primarily because of the vitriolic and threatening responses to Aaron Marcus's columns. Especially with his pro-Israel articles, Aaron has pushed the buttons not only of some Rutgers students but also of some interested parties around the globe.

Aaron's politics, in and of themselves, are not particularly noteworthy. He preaches a religiously pluralistic, pro-life, pro-gay, pro-Israel, pro-business, pro-foreign-intervention line that you see all the time among Jewish Republicans in the Northeast. If it weren't for his willingness to push boundaries for what's acceptable in The Daily Targum and antagonize specific organizations and movements (RUSA, BAKA, NJPIRG, Occupy Wall Street, etc.), his column would be a cliché. However, because of the highly entertaining forcefulness and fearlessness with which he shares his opinions and denounces others' opinions, he has become a trusted brand for good reading. As a consequence of his exuberant style, though, he sometimes commits a cardinal sin of writing and activism: going too far. I think the quintessential example is how he encouraged noncollege-aged members of the New Jeresy Jewish community to attend one of BAKA's events. Droves attended, and as you would expect, things got chaotic with insults lobbed at students and angry old ladies, driven by religious tension that warrented an eventual police presence—not the work of a gentleman, no matter who's in the right. Aaron is not blind to his occasional imperfections though, and to that, we must give him credit. Says Aaron about one of his columns related to Israel, "There was one particular thing which I regretted saying [in the column]. I said the 'supposed Palestinian people,' and that's a mistake." Even after my interview with Aaron, he contacted me later to take back some of the juiciest things he said, and since I am a fair man, you readers shall never know these things.

Let me also stress that while Aaron's column is absolutely an extension of his deeply-held convictions and say-it-like-it-is attitude, the words of the column only capture one dimension of him. He is not all fire and activism. He is actually at his core a nice Jewish



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boy with Palestinian friends he jokes around with and liberal friends who call him their "Republican teddy bear." Some people think that he's going to be some ultra-right-wing monster when they find out they have a class with him, only to be disappointed when meeting him. They find out he's an everyday person who happens to have deeply held convictions and a say-it-like-it-is attitude. You should always read his column and think he's that ultra-right-wing monster, or he's not doing his job. Having been exposed to many, many negative opinions about Aaron while researching for this article, I'm convinced that Aaron, who has already been interviewed multiple times on Fox News, could have a bright future in professional punditry.

- BY MICHAEL SCHWAB -

#ISTORY MODS

Oh man, my thesis is crazy!
I'm harvesting epistolary evidence from the Future!

"THE MOST UP-TO-DATE TRANSLATIONS OF EPISTOLARY EVIDENCE FROM The most important political players of the future."

-EDWARD MCNAYNEA, CHAIR OF FUTURES DEPARTMENT, THE COLLEGE OF HEARTS

"MICHAEL SCHWAB HAS SUCH AN UNDERSTANDING OF LYRIC AND FUTURE DIPLOMACY, THAT THE THRILLS OF READING THESE LETTERS IN THE ORIGINAL $\sqrt{\ }$: ARE NOT LOST IN TRANSLATION." -GREG IFYU, PLAYWRIGHT

People said I was crazy when I started hearing voices from the Future, but I think it's cool! The faculty here at Rutgers has been great in helping me understand my plan.

'[MICHAEL SCHWAB] IS SOMEWHAT OF A MASTERPIECE WHEN IT COMES TO THE [FUTURE HISTORICAL STUDIES] DEPARTMENT.'

-IGBY ODEYMINTZ, GRADUATE STUDENT, LABOR STUDIES DEPARTMENT, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

The work you see before you is the final result of 1,000 sacred nights of research and despair. I have made daily sacrifices to the six-hundred gods of the Sixth Parallel: Tranquility, Knowledge, Patience, Success, Inventory and Publicity.

"MICHAEL HAS BEEN A GREAT SOURCE FOR VALUABLE JEWELS AND SENSUOUS ANIMALS FROM THE THIRD PLANET OF THE ROARING GNU, OUR 28TH SUN."

-SEVERAL INST, GOD OF PEASANTRY, IMPOSTOR OF LANCASHIRE

"I DON'T THINK WE NECESSARILY HAVE TO SEND HIM AWAY. AS LONG AS HE UNDERSTANDS THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACTIONS AND REALIZES THAT HE'S LITERALLY WALKING ON EGG-SHELLS, I DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH BEING HIS LEGAL GUARDIAN." -FEZ NEFER, PUBLIC GUARDIAN FOR HIRE

I want to show you everything, but I can't. My advisory board has warned me several times not to make my content available to the public. However, I'm willing to share a bit of my work as a thanks to those of you who have supported me from the very beginning. All of those who told me that there was no future in Future Historical Studies need only look to the adjacent page to see exactly how wrong she is.

Enistle 1.

Dear Joris-

I have exactly the right gift for Sprig this year. Over the years, you have often wondered: how exactly do I acquire such rich materials, which often border on a level of purity that has been deemed inappropriate by the Big Doo? There is a simple answer to that. I have relationships with traders of certain native origins that have been very gracious in receiving my processions into their arcade.

-3039 AD, Muertos Polaroig Izek, Acquaintance of the Royal Tisn.

Epistle 2.

Re: The Lunarian Ambassador to the Hereby-Failed Republic of Upper Texas

You may reside safely at my Imperial Palace. There are several things to keep you occupied. Strange tennis, unilateral pacifiers, a mobile sanctuary and pets. These are my gifts to you in honor of our everlasting spiritual connection. I have attached the address of my best Israeli. He will do all the planning for you. Perhaps you will finally understand what it means to be [text ends]

-2020 O17, Fitz Par-Par-Ku, Gubernatorial Candidate

Epistle 3.

My Lord-

If you have not returned your keepsake, I must insist that you immediately inform the orb that you will not require a flotation device. You need to take better control of your infrastructure. If you do not, you will risk receiving no less than eight punitive marks on your glovehat, which would be detrimental to your upcoming candidacy.

-(-11) LD, Gish Lick, Spiritual Advisor to the Magnum Onera

That's just a sample of what we, the 3rd Noble Class of the Future Historical Democracy, have documented in our archival community. It's considered a great success by many peers and associates, particularly those who have attained artistic experiences beyond the level of a bipedal carnivore from the 12th Renaissance.

The Future has asked me to relay a message: that they are not afraid. They have risen up through the scorched face of the Earth into the sweet, flaming aether, and now slowly make their way unto the 4th District of Heaven Ulteria. In my travels, I have made several queries as to the general status of each of your family lines. It has been written in the scrolls that many of you will go on to do incredible things.

the beginning of this year, my roommate transferred from Princeton to Rutgers. Though before any self-loathing academic snob gets up in arms, I should say that he's not a student, despite being the age of one. No, he's a carpenter, hired to construct the new dorms on Livingston campus, having finished a three-year stint working projects in Princeton and on its university's campus. He is someone who, in many ways, may lay claim to a longer-lasting legacy here than the average student who, upon returning to campus years later, can only wonder, "Which toilet did I always run to after quesadilla night at Brower?"

But my intentions are not to glorify my roommate as a young person who, out of high school, in favor of building America from the ground up, spurned the dubious life of higher education. He is a normal guy who committed to a career, not a cause. As someone who very much enjoys the life of a college student, I find that my roommate's job has given him something of a ghostly presence in my life. I wake up earlier than virtually every person I know, yet he is still up an hour and a half earlier than me. When I return from the library at night, I'm lucky to catch a glimpse of him making lunch for the next day before he goes to bed around ten.

LIVING IN NEW BRUNSWICK HAS ONLY COMPOUNDED THE STRANGE DYNAMIC OF BEING A 21-YEAR-OLD NON-STUDENT MORKING OU (AWLA)

Once I had apparently prodded him enough, my roommate began to divulge the details of his day-today work life. As if he was asked about it on too regular a basis, the description was pretty concise—work on small projects, mostly alone, until you're done and can approach the boss for another project. Too concise, right? Well, he added that there's a morning coffee break and an afternoon lunch break, too. My mind sped through faint memories of watching Detective Lenny Briscoe question a group of construction workers about such and such murder while they were shooting the shit on their coffee break. The construction guys always gave Lenny a good ribbing on account of his suit but would inevitably answer

his questions with a genuine honesty, since hey, they were all blue-collar guys at heart.

Perhaps in lieu of years also spent watching Law & Order, my roommate's description of his coworkers makes them out to be equally endearing in that kind of crass way. Because of his age, he often has to look to the older guys for professional advice, and they are just as willing to impart advice in the arena of life in general. For instance, if you're going to drive home drunk, make sure it's raining or snowing; either the cop won't want to get out of the car or won't think anything of you swerving on the road.

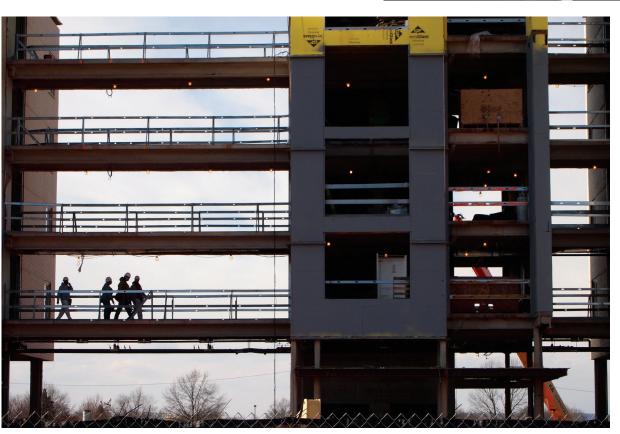
Obviously, he's capable of taking such advice with a grain of salt. But certain things his coworkers say hit harder than they probably intend to. Returning to work on a college campus has given the guys new ball-busting material in the vein of "Hey, why don't you drop the hard hat, go over to the student center, and sign up for classes?" If only it were so simple. To them, it may just be a throwaway dig on the young guy, but to my roommate, the question often materializes nightmarishly in the back of his head upon realizing how many hours of daylight his eyes have been exposed to in the course of his short life (maybe all of them).

Living in New Brunswick has only compounded the strange dynamic of being a 21-year-old non-student working on campus. It would seem easy enough to tell people what you do for a living, except here, everyone naturally assumes everyone else is a student and goes straight into the requisite "What's your major?" question. For certain insistent people, my roommate will assume an invented identity, blending facts from various Rutgers friends. When he does tell people that he's a carpenter, they often seem unsure of how to respond. Some offer stories of summer jobs performing manual labor, as if to try and relate. Others broach the possibility of him working on some quick fixes, e.g., fist-sized holes in their walls.

These types of responses generally mystify my roommate. The brevity with which he speaks of his work tends to suggest that it's just a job to him and nothing more. Certainly, I look at him sometimes and see just a regular 21-year-old, an avid fan of Seinfeld and horror movies with limited cooking abilities. Then he will mention how he's been looking at houses to buy in the area once we move out in a few months, and I suddenly won't be able to comprehend how we can be the same age.

MY ROOMMATE THE (ARPENTER

BEING BLUE COLLAR ON A JCARLET CAMPUJ BY BEN Jugarman



Livingston campus construction

See you later, baby!

by Helena Wittlich

The whole world has around 6,000 different languages. Which is the most efficient? Scientists from the University of Lyon in France tried to find that out by measuring the speed of each syllable per information transported. They used seven different languages: English, French, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin and German.

I'm a German, and I learned English, French and Italian at school. I would bet that, because French and Italian people talk incredibly fast, they can say much more in less time. Surprise—that is not true. Let's not get into the complicated mathematics the French guys used in their study. But the fact is that German and English just need fewer words to say what they mean. While German is one of the winners in the study using less words to be accurate (that is just how we are), English is indeed the most efficient language. English-speaking people can say what they want to say in a relatively short time with relatively fewer syllables. Congratulations for being so effective.

Though, I have to say: Why do you not use your abilities? What is with all these expressions Americans say but actually do not mean? That is not effective at all. Does it irritate me? A lot. My favorite example is "See you later!" When I say "See you later" in German ("bis später") it means "See you later that day"—not tomorrow, not this week, this fucking day!

Even worse: "I'll talk to you later/text you later." The first couple of times someone said to me "I'll talk to you later," I found myself waiting for a phone call from a person who never wanted to call me that day—quite disappointing. So, one thing is for sure to me: in common speech Americans have lost their efficiency. Maybe everyone wants to be polite. To me, it feels like one wants to seem polite and friendly to people even if no one gives a shit about it. Guys, that



is fake! Just be honest—at least in conversations with European people.

Another example: It is common knowledge in European countries, that you answer, "Good, how are you doing?" if some American asks you: "How are you?"

My advice: never ask this question in Germany. You might get stuck in a conversation for hours listening to some random person's whole day. But I have to confess that after five months, I've realized that I really like this whole "How are you" /"Good, how are you" thing. At the beginning it was hard not to answer "I feel like shit. I am tired and hungry, so what the fuck do you want?" But now, I feel that I sound like a real American when I enter a shop. By the way, my friends think so, too. My German best friend was laughing for five minutes after she listened to one of these conversations in a coffee shop.

However, I still just translate the German expressions into English. It works more often than I expect—barefoot for example (barfuß). If it is something com-



"Bis später!" The writer reflects on American idioms

pletely different, at least you get some laughs. Once, I forgot the word glove. In German, we call it (translated) "handshoe" —it makes sense, doesn't it? It also took me a while to stop smiling when someone in my class said: "I'm hot!" The direct German translation would mean: "I'm sexy!" We would rather say: "Mine is hot!" (Mir ist heiß), which actually makes no sense in English.

My English teacher in high school told me years ago, that idioms in English are different from German and that I have to learn them to know the language. I was forced into learning sentences like "It is raining cats and dogs". So far, I haven't used this sentence in the States.

I've had to think about this lesson a lot the past few months in New Brunswick. Misunderstandings do not happen because I do not know a word. It happens because I do not know how to use expressions. If I am struggling with the word 'cucumber' when I try to order a salad in a restaurant because the German word "Gurke" is just so different or I have to

ask your roommate a hundred times how you call the thing in front of our house that most of the American houses have (now, I know, it's front porch), I always use funny descriptions. But I really had to learn (the hard way by looking like an idiot) how to use expressions. When I read Shakespeare and Tennessee Williams eight years ago, I could not imagine that simple English would be way more confusing and important than the classics in English literature.

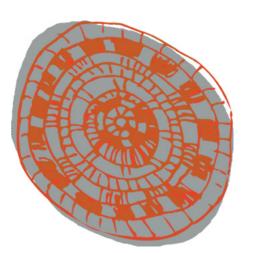
My lesson from all of that? I keep my feelings inside when I am being asked "How are you?" I've stopped waiting for phone calls or text messages. And I caught myself using these expressions—without meaning them. I guess that's normal. I may turn into an American. So, see you later! Whenever!

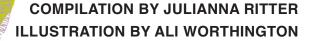
Oh, and there is one last thing. If someone could explain me, what the proper answer to "What's up?" is. I still have not figured that out, and it would be really helpful to know.

Thanks, I appreciate it—honestly.



NOCTURNAL AUDIO/VISUAL CLUB









WTF

Ali Worthington

I just had a memory shock as I thought about something that happened last night and realized it couldn't possibly be true, that it must be a dream. In the dream, I keep squinting to be able to see but can't focus on a single thing. I poke my eye to feel that my contacts are in. Check. Poke the other eye, check. I attempt to remove and clean them but when I pinch the surface of my lens, I pull out at least seven contact lenses from each eye.

Sally Reisch

The dream started in a typical fashion; I am making my way through the innards of my mom's house. She tells me "there are dead baby deer in the backyard." I'm uneasy. Dozens of small dead rats, not deer, were cradled in green suburban lawn. I wasn't alarmed by the discrepancy in animal but I stood frozen in a cloud of anxiety. Would I pick these up with my hands? What I thought was deer turned out to be rat. I woke up after what seemed like an eternity of terror.

AMBIGUOUS

Nick DiPillo

It starts out at a big commercial dock. There is a cruise ship and I'm in line to get on. Everybody else in line is somebody I have seen before, but never spoken to. Random people: passersby, people seen on a bus, store clerks, cashiers. I don't know them, but they are real people. The line is moving slowly and nobody really seems to be going anywhere. Nobody is talking. Suddenly I am sitting at a table, still on the ship but in the middle of the ocean. There are windows on all sides of the square room, but in the distance is just water and empty horizons. I am at this round table with maybe 5 or 6 other people, all of whom I recognize but do not know. I open my mouth to say something, and I wake up.

RECURRENCE

Julianna Ritter

I keep running through this spectacular and bizarre garden where there are rows of different colored roses, tulips but as I continue to run through it, the flowers and plants shift. As they shift I pick up my pace, running full speed through rows of giant black orchids and shrubbery in fantastical and anamorphic shapes. Each step I take they seem to grow larger and more menacing. I begin to move so fast the entire surrounding blends into itself like a watercolor painting and I feel my body running out of energy but I know I can't stop because I'm suddenly aware that I am being chased. The more distorted the garden becomes, the greater the anxiety is as if it were actually flapping and trying to exercise itself from my chest. Every time I turn around to see what unknown horror is following me, it's blurry and I stumble and find myself sinking into mud that acts like quicksand.

NIGHTMARE

Lizzie Plaugic

This is a dream involving real people you don't know and will probably never meet. It takes place during a zombie apocalypse and the only people left are me and four people you don't know. The zombies are collapsing against this shed we're stuck in and someone else you don't know climbs in through the roof. He tells me Nadine, who you don't know, is dead. Then, every band member of a band you don't know comes in, including the hot one. He has a baby and a heroin habit.

LABYRINTH

Benjamin Raphael

I entered the dream, sitting on a picnic table with five of my friends and this girl. We were floating in a space of blackness, while passing around a joint. Everyone was laughing, but when my eyes met with the girl's she gave me a comatose stare. This was troubling, but I had no time to reflect and was pulled off the picnic table by a friend and thrust onto a sidewalk. This was also surrounded by a certain blackness. He told me to get my mind off the girl, but I fell off of the sidewalk and was attacked by the most vivid dream image I have ever experienced. A massive white wolf, foaming at the mouth, bit my hand and I called to my friend for help. He told me to relax for it was all an illusion. I watched the wolf turn to smoke.

FAMILY

Samantha Mitchell

I'm being rushed to my own wedding, which is something I only discover along the way. I had never been consulted about getting married but everything is already planned and now doesn't seem like a good time to argue. The ceremony is short and inconsequential and again I am being rushed to another location. I don't recognize any of the guests, but by the way they're interacting, I can tell that they're my mother's friends. We file out of the church and move to a new location for cocktails, which is held on one end of a tennis court. None of the other guests have made it, so my parents, the groom, and I, are stuck with all the alcohol, which is laid out on a ping pong table. My father keeps handing me drinks and winking about a marijuana cigarette that he's going to give me (but never does). My mother is annoyed with waiting and we leave the tennis court in search of the reception area. When we arrive, everyone from the ceremony is seated at a long table. I recognize one woman, at last, but she says nothing to me. The groom and I sit in seats saved for us right in the middle of the table. By this time, I'm concerned that I'm too drunk to be at my own wedding and am also fuming because everyone ate without us. I pull scissors out of my pocket and begin chopping off as much of my long hair as I can while everyone stares silently.



